

Three Visit: "Home Sweet Home"

Dalton Hall

I love Dalton Hall. I love Dalton Hall so much, I even hate to think how much I love it. In fact, I love all crumbling ruins. There aren't too many left you know. Some day, I hope to visit the pyramids or maybe the Parthenon. I shouldn't really say that Dalton Hall is that old, after all, it does have hot and cold running water at times. Pets even come with the rooms. You can even find a hundred or so of them spinning their webs in the sanitary washrooms. Nothing is better than seeing a juicy spider land on your toothbrush, eh guys!

You sure can sense the hospitality in this hall of fume. Comfy hospital beds are everywhere. Lucky is the one who has sheets to fit his bed.

The rooms are heated by a wonderful modern system. One boy tried to dry his underwear on the radiator the other day and received third degree burns. Silly twisted boy! He forgot about the three foot danger distance around the radiator.

I'd sure like to meet the people who purposely didn't give enough space to store belongings. The cluttered rooms sort of have that "exist in" look, don't they? The same people must have supplied the fashionable antique furniture.

Did you know that every room has a connecting communication system? That's right! All you have to do is learn Morse Code and tap away on the pipes to your heart's content. People do it all the time.

I sure was sorry that the screech in the front door was fixed. I thought it went nicely with the rattling windows.

Nobody has to worry about fire here, if you're on the first floor. On the other floors, it depends on how fast you can run. I wonder how long it takes for twenty panic-stricken people to get out one window in the dark?

Yes, I certainly love Dalton Hall. Ah, it's grand to be a pigeon.

Main Building

With all the talk of university expansion should the older residences be allowed to fall down around the new.

Let's wander through Main Building and see what some students call home.

We enter into long, dingy hallways. Lighting is dim and many passage are narrow. The stark cold walls breathe down upon us. The stairs groan in agony as we tread upon them.

We catch a glimpse of one of the ten by twelve foot rooms. It stares longingly at us. The walls and ceilings loom before us. They are bare except for the natural artistic patches of crevice and fallen plaster.

High bare windows reach for the ceiling. A gust of wind suddenly blows against the panes, rattling them in revenge. The door slams with a clatter.

In one corner is a makeshift closet — a two-by-four thing. Someone forgot there would be two people living here. In another corner stands some sort of metal

works. (A would-be metal sculpture, may be?) Some people would call it a radiator, altho' it hasn't been commonly used for the last decade.

The heating efficiency couldn't be more satisfactory; you either awake in a teeth chattering temperature or a dry 100 degrees.

Suddenly we catch sight of a small grey mouse scampering from the window ledge and unto the floor, to disappear under the bed in a curl of dust (wouldn't a vacuum cleaner go good here!)

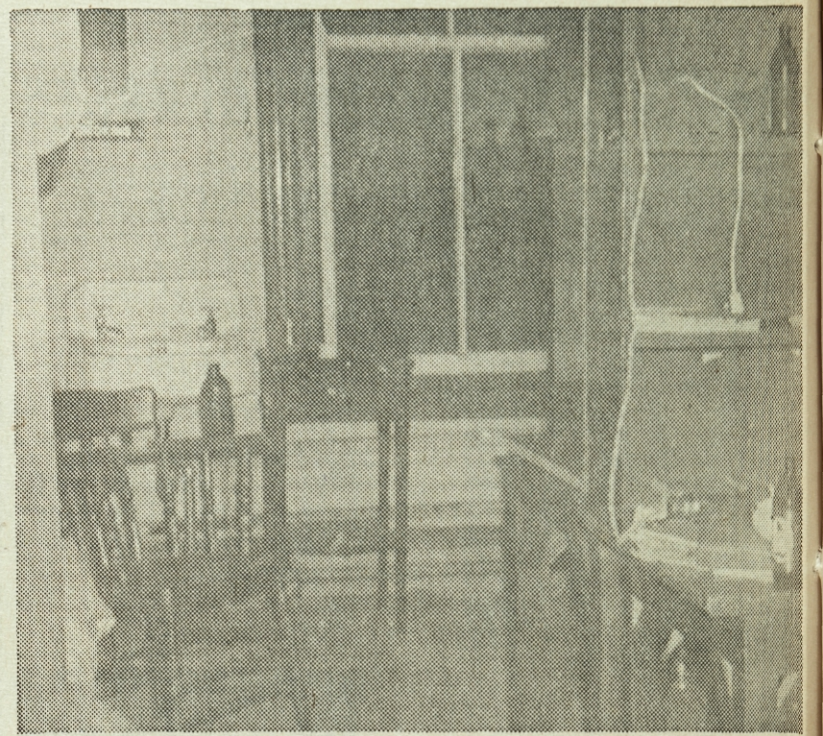
Looking about the room we see two hard beds. Some mattresses have springs protruding. Fortunately, some rooms are being provided with new ones. Scattered bits of furniture; namely, a desk, a chair, and a commode, huddled despairingly against the wall.

The floor is as inviting as a bed of thorns. It is rough and dark, with nails and odd boards protruding.

The lighting system seems quite convenient. Two cords, about eight feet long, dangle from the ceiling, prepared to hang any unsuspecting intruder. This equipment also has advantages; since the cord can be moved to any corner of the room, and there is a sink nearby. Suicide could be perfect.

On the fourth floor there is as much privacy while taking a shower as you would have taking one in a phone booth on the corner of Grafton and Queen streets.

This home of many students can surely be an experience in "roughing it."



The noise could be cut down with wall-to-wall carpeting; by the way, there exists cheap 'indoor-outdoor' carpeting, if you're interested. This type of carpet would be most most appropriate since it is difficult to decide whether you are indoors or out.

Bright color schemes could be used to give the rooms a more uniform, unbroken feeling.

Larger closets, window curtains, and improved lighting could be supplied. A comfortable desk and chair would ease studying.

Most students agree that an increased fee would be rational, provided improvements are made.

Father Bursar, how about a new residence for men???

Girl's Residences

And then there are those three very provocative and imposing buildings; Marion College, St. Mary's Residence and Mt. Edward Hall which, of course, contain the most important elements of the university - GIRLS.

We girls have life pretty easy. We enjoy well-lighted and well-heated rooms with comfortable beds and, in most cases, adequate closet space. We have outlets for a record player, hair dryer, radio; or even a coffee pot. Our basement at Marion is well equipped with an automatic washer (25c) and clothes dryer. The girls of St. Mary's are not deprived either; they

have a grand old wringer washer! Comfortable lounges and sitting rooms are found in all three residences. However, the Mt. Edward Hall girl's lack a very vital necessity - a visitor's lounge. When callers arrive, it is no easy task to get dressed in snow boots, coat, and all, to cross over to see — surprise of surprises — Mother.

There are also those beautiful blustery walks across the field. What a way to work off those extra pounds! Oh, well, we can console ourselves on being the last coeds in history to have the privilege of using the "Gaza Strip".

Study halls are found in each residence, complete with desks and silence. Quiet hours are from seven-thirty to ten-thirty. Following this a few hours of confusion occurs. A genuine shriek arises as someone is forced into having a lovely cold shower. A few discussions usually end off this period but, of course, not past our bed time.

We even have very good permissions this year — a twelve-thirty and a one; and we're allowed out until ten-thirty each nite.

Our only sad deficiency is a telephone. Only one per residence doesn't give much of a chance for that important phone call to come through.

Yes, we girls sure have a good life; but what can you expect — after all, what would they do without us?

Re FOCUS:

A REASONED REPLY TO LAST ISSUE'S FOCUS

Comment by Kevin Boggins, Assistant Professor of Classics

I once heard "expert" defined as "a person who has stopped thinking." University professors are not experts; skilled and well-read in their fields, yes. This, I suppose, was the intention in a recent article in this newspaper. For even the professor has only begun to learn—even from the students.

A vital issue was raised, though, I believe, not answered in this article. This concerns teaching methods. In the humanities lecturing is secondary. It has its value; this is undeniable. But no course should be based upon it. The reason will become clear if we examine the ends of education, which in my opinion, are two-fold.

First a university education teaches a person where to look. If he wishes to find something he will know sources and how to select good ones. This is particularly evident in the present knowledge explosion. There are sophisticated instruments to store and provide us with information when we desire it, and with greater speed, accuracy, and efficiency than

any mind is capable of. The task then is to utilize this ready knowledge.

Second, and of much greater value, education should teach a person how to think. If his interest is in philosophy, he should be capable of following a philosopher's chain of thought, and reason likewise. If history, he should be able to scientifically seek out, analyze and synthesize evidence—in short, think and act as a historian. The same applies to all the humanities, and the sciences.

Pursuing these goals, the lecture method is the least desirable technique. To quote Dr. Johnson:

"People have nowadays got a strange opinion that everything should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chemistry by lectures. — You might teach making of shoes by lectures."

The lecture method is passive, and this is a complete negation of the goal of education, the active process of thinking.

I am not going to give a ready-made solution to the problem of how to educate. There is not single answer. There are too many variable involved, as the subject being taught and even the teacher's personality. Referring again to Doctor Johnson:

"Lectures were once useful; but now, when all can read, and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of a lecture, it is lost; you cannot go back as you do upon a book."

In addition to being easiest on the teacher, lecturing is dull and discouraging to the student, even though it does provide many with wanted security. But, in my opinion, when all a student acquires from a course is some poundage of notes, a well-developed arm, and facts and opinions soon to be forgotten, the student has been shortchanged.



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